

IMPOSTERS ABROAD.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

The art of dining-out is one of the most essential to a regular liver in London; and the following specimen of this valuable science, though not new—for what is there new under the sun?—is unquestionably among its nicest practical applications:

A few days ago, a personage, of remarkably fashionable equipment, with a prodigious pair of moustachios, hussar spurs, and a quantity of broken English, worthy of a foreign attaché or colonel on the Imperial staff, strode into one of the most costly cafés of Regent Street. All the waiters were instantly on the alert, and his excellency ordered a dinner suitable to the length of his spurs. All was prepared with the elegance of the establishment. But his excellency's appetite began to astonish the waiters still more than his dignity. From eating, he began to devour, and from sipping, to swallow. His favorite wines exhibited the high life alone which colonels of the Imperial staff and attaches to the *haute classe* of diplomacy can be presumed to exist. Champagne, Burgundy, and Johannisberg, vanished flask after flask, and the astonishment now was, that his excellency condescended to sit in his chair, and did not give way to that general law of gravitation which lays inferior matter under the table. At length, after the despatch of a desert of grapes, mezzanines, and a noble pine, his excellency made a motion with his hand for the bill. His tongue appears to have refused the office. The bill was brought, and while his excellency cast his eye over it, a sign was given for another bottle of Burgundy, and thus prepared, he slowly drew out his purse. At this moment, a bustle was heard at the door. Two bailiffs, followed by a policeman, rushed in, and pounced upon his excellency. Nothing could be more embarrassing; the whole room was thrown into confusion; the warrant was shown to the waiters, the host, and the company. It was for the arrest of his excellency for a debt of £1000 sterling! His excellency's faculties were not at that moment in the nicest state of discrimination; but the bailiffs and policeman, while he was recovering, helped themselves to the Burgundy and the remains of the desert. His excellency still held his green silk and gold purse in his hand, with the most honorable intent to pay. But this was so palpably against all law, that the policeman made caption of it "until he should be safe in arrest," and the bailiffs claimed it as a part of their client's property. The host demanded that his entertainment should be paid for on the spot. But the ministers of the law knew the statute too well for such loose practice, and they conveyed his excellency, remonstrating against the baseness of the whole transaction, to a hackney-coach, directing it to drive to Whitecross Street, one of the fatal retreats for those who lead a life too creditable for this wicked age.

The *ruse* was, to procure a superb meal for one of the party, a favor which he had probably earned by some similar skill for his associates, with the additional object of ascertaining how far operations might be carried against the forks and spoons of the café. The scheme was hazardous, so far as it was practised, where all the parties might have been recognised; but from Napoleon to a pickpocket, the maxim of war is, nothing venture, nothing win; and even the Burgundy and the pine were matters for which men of more fame in the world have tried ventures graver than the chance of seven years' deportation. The charms of the table have made more knaves in high life than any other charms; and Walpole, and who knew life better than Walpole? pronounced, by his practice, that the first expedient of a minister, let his purposes be what they might, was to make the stomach the way to the conscience, melt down patriotism in soups and stews, and insert champagne into brains otherwise inaccessible to "reason."

Another *ruse* of a still more dashing description has just transpired. The housewarming of a new inn, or some such occasion, gave rise to the proposal of a public dinner, at which the landlord's friends were to assemble to exhibit their goodwill to the house. The dinner was advertised, the company met, and all was ready but the chairman. The landlord should, in all etiquette, have taken the chair; but probably being no orator, he hesitated about the dignity; and, in the mean time, a well-dressed personage, who had just entered the room and talked loud, proposed to relieve him from *l'embarras du choix*, and assume the head of the table. As he looked the thing, showy, voluble, and perfectly free from any doubt of his own qualifications, he was installed by acclamation. Dinner made its appearance, and if it did honor to the landlord, the chairman did honor to it. He ate and drank like the Dragon of Wantley. All were happy at the good fortune which had brought them together. The chairman exerted himself with great effect, made speeches on every thing and to every one, sang songs, roused up the latent energies of the company, turned men who had never heard the sound of their own tongues before into orators, and made singers on the spot, as much to their own astonishment as to that of their hearers. In the mean time he exhibited himself a mortal enemy to that heinous sin of long speeches and long songs, which consists in stopping the bottle. But time stays for no man. The chairman at length pulled out his watch, observed on the lateness of the hour, and dropped a hint about discharging the bill. Wine, and brandy, and liqueurs, had not circulated in vain for the last three hours; and one half of the company were in that condition which is more favorable to falling asleep than keeping up an argument. The bill was produced, the waiter was ordered to "lay the bill on the table." A song and an *encore* partially relieved the lowliness of spirits which generally follows this operation; and at their close, the active chairman left the chair, and offered to collect the contribution for the day. It was received, and he left the room to proceed to the bar and settle with the landlord. Some time having elapsed, and the chair being still vacant, the chairman was called for; he was not forthcoming; the waiters were rung for; they knew nothing on the subject, further than that several of the gentlemen had successively left the house. The landlord now made his appearance in considerable trepidation. His story amounted to the simple fact, that the gentleman who had sat in the chair, had gone away about half an hour before, making a most gentlemanlike bow to him and his wife, saying that the dinner answered his warmest wishes, and desiring him to send up a fresh bottle of his best port to the company to drink his health. But where was the reckoning? "Nowhere," so far as the landlord knew, "unless it were in the gentleman's pocket." The gentleman, of course, never reappeared, and the company had to examine their bill

once more, and pay twice over for their dinner, receiving in return the landlord's advice, not to be too much in a hurry in the matter of chairman in future.

A still more recent piece of simplicity on the one hand, and dexterity on the other, proves that the ancient qualities of the Cockneys have suffered no deterioration in our days. It is not a week since a dashing figure, fresh from the Continent, all over strings and rings, a perfect specimen of "French polish," went into a jeweller's shop in one of our leading streets, as well known for the promenade of the ingenious as the Rialto for the place "where merchants most do congregate," the Campus Martius for the exercise of fingers and faculties in a greater than Rome. The *nouveau arrive* addressed himself to the jeweller, and said that he came to pay a slight debt of £18 10s., which he had contracted for some *bijouterie* before his leaving town, just ten years ago, but which his going to the Continent, and his absence since, had prevented his paying. The jeweller was charmed with such an instance of punctilio, and peculiarly in a person into whose hands it might have been suspected that jewellery once having made its way, had little hope of a return in the shape of money. It was idle to look into the tradesman's books, an account of ten years back being too obsolete for examining at the moment. The consequence was, that he thankfully made out his bill, and held out his hand to receive. The stranger took out his purse. But, most unluckily, he found that he had brought no gold with him, and its only contents were £20 in a check on a banker. This was a difficulty. But even this was soon settled, by the tradesman's giving the balance. The "fashionable" then retired. The check was instantly transmitted to the banker's. But there the answer was, that nothing was known on the subject, and the tradesman had to console himself with his experience. The points of dexterity in this instance, were the time, which precluded reference to the account, and the smallness of the balance, which eluded suspicion. Would a man of such superlative elegance play a trick for thirty shillings? The affair was a *bagatelle*. The tradesman's knowledge of the world must have been narrow. Many a much finer gentleman would have done it all over again for half the money.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

[The late Admiral Burney went to school at an establishment where the unhappy Eugene Aram was usher, subsequent to his crime. The Admiral stated, that Aram was generally liked by the boys; and that he used to discourse to them about murder, in somewhat of the spirit which is attributed to him in this poem.]

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
When four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran, and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped, with gamesome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drove the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can:
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was on his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside;
For the peace of his soul he read that book,
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervid grasp—
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen clasp:
'O God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook—
And lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book.

'My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance, or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?
The young boy gave an upward glance—
'It is 'The Death of Abel!'

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain;

And long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk'd the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain;
For blood had left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

'And well, quoth he, 'I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme—
Wo, wo, unutterable wo—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream!

'One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old;
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

'Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a rusty knife—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot,
But lifeless flesh and blood!

'Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still;
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

'And, lo! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by the hand,
And call'd it upon his name!

'Oh God! it made me quake to see
Such scenes within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out again!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

'My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price:
A dozen times I groan'd; the dead
Had never groan'd but twice!

'And now from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's top-most height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

'I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

'Down went the corpse with a hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school.

'Oh heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn:
Like a devil of the pit I seem'd,
'Mid holy cherubim!

'And peace went with them one and all,
And each calm pillow slumber'd;
But guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

'All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at sleep;
For sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

'All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time,
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

'One stern, tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

'Heavily I rose up—as soon
As light was in the sky—
And sought the black, accursed pool,
With a wild mingling eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

'Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from his wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

'With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lone wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man!

'And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was elsewhere;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind swept the leaves,
And still the corpse was bare!

'Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep:
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

'So with the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones,
Ay, though he be buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones;
And years have roll'd off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones!

'Oh God, that horrid, horrid dream,
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with a dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Crammer's at the stake.

'And still no peace for the restless clay
Will waver or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul—
It stands before me now!
The fearful boy looked up and saw
Huge drops upon his brow!

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

SINGULAR MEETING.—As Mr. Joseph Denny was travelling in New Jersey, he called late in the evening at a celebrated hotel, for lodging, but was told by the hostess that all her rooms were full, unless he could get in with Dr. Dwight, who had one to himself.

'Introduce me to the room of his reverence,' said Denny, 'and I will make my way.'

He was accordingly introduced, but without announcing his name, which the tavern-keeper did not know. His eye of genius, and eloquence of conversation, soon attracted the attention of Dr. Dwight. They engaged in familiar conversation, and talked of literature and literary men. The names of Franklin, Rittenhouse, and Hamilton, and many other American worthies, passed in rapid review. At length Dwight spoke of Denny—who then edited the Port Folio, a brilliant work in Philadelphia—pronounced a fine eulogium upon his taste and genius, and, among many other things, called him 'the Addison of America,' but what a pity, said he, 'that this man is given to midnight revels.'

'I believe that it is not true,' said Denny. 'Give me leave to tell you,' said Dwight, 'that I know it to be true.'

This, in his positive tone, was a knock-down argument. Denny, however, ever fertile in resources, soon found a way to retort. He spoke of Dr. Dwight, and pronounced a flaming panegyric upon his learning and talents; 'but what a pity it is,' said he, 'that he is the most positive, dogmatic man in the world.'

'I believe that is not his character, sir,' said Dr. Dwight.

'Give me leave to tell you,' said Denny, with a confident air, 'that I know it is.'

The Doctor, whose pride was perhaps a little piqued, raising his voice, said:

'I am the Dr. Dwight, sir, of whom you speak.'

'And I am the Mr. Denny,' replied the other, 'of whom you speak.'

They were thus thoroughly and not unpleasantly introduced to each other—and arose, shook hands, and conversed together, like old acquaintances.

NATIVE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Preamble and Constitution of the Native American Association of the United States.

Whereas it is an admitted fact that all Governments are not only capable, but bound by all the principles of rational preservation, to govern their affairs by the agency of their own citizens; and we believe the republican form of our Government to be an object of fear and dislike to the advocates of monarchy in Europe, and for that reason, if for none other, in order to preserve our institutions pure and unimpugned, we are imperatively called upon to administer our peculiar system free of all foreign influence and interference. By admitting the stranger indiscriminately to the exercise of those high attributes which constitute the rights of the native born American citizen, we weaken the attachment of the native, and gain naught but the sordid allegiance of the foreigner. The rights of the American, which he holds under the Constitution of the Revolution, and exercised by him as the glorious prerogative of his birth, are calculated to stimulate to action, condense to strength, and cement in sentiment and patriotic sympathy.

Basing, then, the right and duty to confederate on these high truths, we profess no other object than the promotion of our native country in all the walks of private honor, public credit, and national independence; and therefore we maintain the right, in its most extended form, of the native born American, and he only, to exercise the various duties incident to the ramifications of the laws, executive, legislative, or ministerial, from the highest to the lowest post of the Government; and to obtain this great end, we shall advocate the entire repeal of the naturalization law by Congress. Aware that the Constitution forbids and even if it did not, we have no wish to establish, *ex post facto* laws; the action we seek with regard to the laws of naturalization, is intended to act in a prospective character. We shall advocate equal liberty to all who were born equally free; to be so born, constitutes, when connected with moral qualities, in our minds, the aristocracy of human nature. Acting under these generic principles, we further hold that, to be a permanent people, we must be a united one, bound together by sympathies, the result of a common political origin; and to be national, we must cherish the native American sentiment, to the entire and radical exclusion of foreign opinions and doctrines introduced by foreign papers and European political adventurers. From Kings our gallant forefathers won their liberties—the slaves of Kings shall not win them back again.

Religiously entertaining these sentiments, we as solemnly believe that the day has arrived, when the Americans should unite as brothers to sustain the strength and purity of their political institutions. We have reached that critical period foreseen and prophesied by some of the clear-sighted apostles of freedom, when danger threatens from every ship that floats on the ocean to our shores; when every wind that blows wafts the ragged paupers to our cities, bearing in their own persons and characters the elements of degradation and disorder. To prevent these evils, we are now called upon to unite our energies. To fight over this great moral revolution, the shadow of our first revolt will be the duty of the sons of those wars, and we must go into the combat determined to abide by our country; to preserve her honor free from contagion, and her character, as a separate people, high and above the engraftment of monarchical despotisms.

ARTICLES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

First. We bind ourselves to co-operate, by all lawful means, with our fellow native citizens in the United States to procure a repeal of the naturalization law.

Second. We will use all proper and reasonable exertions to exclude foreigners from enjoying the emoluments or honors of office, whether under the General or State Governments.

Third. That we will not hold him guiltless of his country's wrong who, having the power, shall place a foreigner in office while there is a competent native willing to accept.

Fourth. That we will not, in any form or manner, connect ourselves with the general or local politics of the country, nor aid, nor be the means of aiding, the cause of any politician or party whatsoever, but will exclusively advocate, stand to, and be a separate and independent party of native Americans, for the cause of the country, and upon the principles as set forth in the above preamble and these articles.

Fifth. That we will not, in any manner whatever, connect ourselves, or be connected, with any religious sect or denomination; leaving every creed to its own strength, and every man untrammelled in his own faith; adhering, for ourselves, to the sole cause of the natives, the establishment of a national character, and the perpetuity of our institutions, through the means of our own countrymen.

Sixth. That this Association shall be connected with and form a part of such other societies throughout the United States as may now or hereafter be established on the principles of our political creed.

Seventh. That this Association shall be styled the 'Native American Association of the United States.'

Eighth. That the officers shall consist of a President, Vice President, Council of Three, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, a Committee on Addresses to consist of three members, a Treasurer, and such others as may be required under any by-laws hereafter adopted, and whose duties shall be therein defined.

Ninth. That all the foregoing officers shall be elected by this meeting, to serve for one year, except the Committee on Addresses, which shall be appointed by the President.

Tenth. That the President, or, in his absence, the Vice President, or, in the absence of both, the Corresponding or Recording Secretary, is authorized to convene a meeting of this Association whenever it may be deemed necessary.

LEES' Lottery and Exchange Office, 5 doors east of the National Hotel, Pennsylvania Avenue, where he keeps constantly on hand a fine selection of Tickets, in all the various Lotteries now drawing under the management of D. S. Gregory & Co. All orders promptly attended to.

W. M. W. BANNERMAN respectfully informs the public, that he continues to execute Engraving in all its various branches; also Copperplate printing. Aug. 10—tf

SOFA AND CABINET WAREHOUSES.—The subscribers respectfully inform their friends, and the public generally, that they have on hand, and will manufacture to order—

CABINET FURNITURE AND SOFAS.
Of all kinds, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Persons furnishing will do well to give us a call at our Warehouses, Pennsylvania Avenue, between the Capitol gate and the Railroad depot. Our stock on hand consists of—
Sofas, Lounges, and Sofa Bedsteads
Column and Plain Sideboards
Dressing, Column, and Plain Bureaus
Centre, Dining, Side, Pier, Card and Breakfast Tables
Mahogany, Maple, and Poplar Bedsteads
Ladies' Cabinets, Bookcases
Wardrobes, Wash-stands
Mahogany, Rocking, and Parlor Chairs; and every other article in the cabinet line.

Furniture repaired, and old furniture taken in exchange for new. Furnerals attended to, and every requisite furnished. G. W. DONN & Co. N. B. Individual notes taken in payment of debts, or for furniture. Aug. 10—tf

SAMUEL DE VAUGHAN, CUPPER, LEECHER, AND BLEEDER.

HAS on hand, and will constantly keep a large supply of the best Swedish Leeches. He can be found at hours at his residence on 9th street, three doors north of Pennsylvania Avenue, nearly opposite Gunton's Drug Store. Aug. 26—y

DANIEL PIERCE respectfully informs his friends and customers, that he has removed his Umbrella Manufactory to the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue, immediately opposite his former stand, and next door to the Native American Hotel. Persons having Umbrellas to cover, or repair, are respectfully solicited to call as above.

P. S. As several Umbrellas have lost the names by removing, the owners would much oblige if they would come and designate their Umbrellas. Sept. 23—3m

FRENCH LESSONS.—Mons. Abadie has the honor to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, and its vicinity, that he continues to give lessons in his own native language at his rooms, or private families and academies, at a moderate price. For particulars apply at this office.

Abadie's French grammar and course of French Literature, for sale at all the book-stores.

NOTICE.—J. PERKINS, House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to the corner east of the Native American Hotel, Pennsylvania Avenue, where he will be pleased to attend to those who may favor him with their orders. He has employed experienced hands to do Burnish Gilt Looking-glasses, Picture Frames, &c., in fashionable style, and style of workmanship. Old frames regilt, as when new; all of which will be supplied to order, at lower prices than can be procured elsewhere.

THE AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY;

A Magazine of Poetry, Biography, and Criticism, to be published Monthly, with splendid illustrations on steel.

WHILE nearly every other country of the old world can boast its collected body of national poetry, on which the seal of a people's favorite judgment has been set, and which exhibits to foreign nations, in the most striking light, the progress of civilization and literary refinement among its poets; while England, especially, proudly displays to the world a coronet of laurels, the lustre of whose immortal wreath has shed a brighter glory upon her name than the most splendid triumphs which her statesmen and her soldiers have achieved, our own country appears to be destitute of poetic honors. Appears, we say, for although no full collection of the *chef d'oeuvre* of our writers has been made, yet there exist, and are occasionally to be met with, productions of American poets which will bear comparison with the noblest and most polished efforts of European genius, and which claim for America as high a rank in the scale of literary elevation as is now accorded to older, and, in some respects, more favored lands.

Impressed with the correctness of this judgment, we propose to issue a monthly magazine which shall contain, in a perfect, unimpaired form, the most meritorious and beautiful effusions of the poets of America, of the past and present time, with such introductory, critical, and biographic notices, as shall be necessary to a correct understanding of the works presented to the reader, and to add interest to the publication. Those who imagine that there exists a dearth of materials for such an undertaking, who believe that the Aonian Muses have confined their richest favors to our transatlantic brethren to the exclusion of native genius, will be surprised to learn that we are already in possession of more than two hundred volumes of the productions of American bards, from about the year 1630 to the present day. Nor is it from these sources alone that materials may be drawn. There are but few writers in our country who pursue authorship as a vocation, and whose works have been published in a collected form. Our poets, especially, have generally written for particular occasions, with the remembrance of which their productions have gone to rest, or their effusions have been carelessly inserted in periodicals of slight merit and limited circulation, where they were unlikely to attract notice to themselves, or draw attention to their authors. The grass of the fields, and the flowers of the wilderness, are growing over the ashes of many of the highly gifted who, through the wild and romantic regions of our republic, have scattered poetry in "ingots, bright from the mint of genius," and glowing with the impress of beauty and the spirit of truth, a quantity sufficient, were it known and appreciated as it would be in other countries, to secure to them an honorable reputation throughout the world. Such were HARNY, author of 'Crystalina' and 'The Fever Dream'; SANDS, author of 'Yamoyden'; WILCOX, author of 'The Age of Benevolence'; ROBINSON, author of 'The Savage'; LITTLE, the sweet and tender poet of Christian feeling; the lamented BRAINARD; and many beside, whose writings are almost unknown, save by their kindred associates and friends.

With the names of those poets who, within the last few years, have extended the reputation of American literature beyond the Atlantic, Bryant, Davis, Ford, Sprague, Sigourney, Whittier, Willis, &c., the public are familiar; and we can assure them that there exists, though long forgotten and unknown, a mine of poetic wealth, rich, varied, and extensive, which will amply repay the labor of exploring it, and add undying lustre to the crown which encircles the brow of American genius. In the publication now proposed, we shall rescue from the oblivion to which they have long been consigned, and enshrine in a bright and imperishable form, the numbers of gems of purest ray; with which our researches into the literary antiquities of our country have endowed us; and we are confident that every lover of his native land will regard our enterprise as patriotic, and deserving the support of the citizens of the United States, as tending to elevate the character of the country in the scale of nations, and assert its claims to the station to which the genius of its children entitles it. With this conviction we ask the assistance of the community to aid us in our undertaking, conscious that we are meriting its support by exhibiting to the world a proud evidence, that America, in the giant strength of her Herculean childhood, is destined ere long to cope in the arena of literature with those lands which, for centuries, have boasted their civilization and refinement, and justly exulted in the triumphs of their cherished sons in the noblest field which heaven has opened for human intellect.

The AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY will contain the complete works of a portion of the following—most popular of our poetic writers—and of the others the best poems, and such as are least generally known:

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RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, Sec. N. Y. Lit. Antiquarian Association. July 29.

THE NEW YORK LIFE Insurance and Trust Company has a capital subscribed of one million of dollars, but in consequence of being the depository of the Court of Chancery, and of the Surrogate of the County of the State of New York, as well as of individuals, the business means have increased to upwards of five millions of dollars, as appears by a report of the Master in Chancery, dated 22d of May, 1836.

To persons in public employment, who receive fixed salaries, an institution like this affords a certain mode of securing a sufficient income for their families at a future day; and if the object of a parent, besides that of merely making a living, is to accumulate something for the support and education of those who may be left behind, it can be realized in this way, without exhausting those energies of mind and person which are usually necessary through the ordinary struggles of life.

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